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POETRY.

THE MORNING SKY.

BY WILLIAM O. RAYSON.

The car of dawn with steeds of light
Is racing through the eastern air,
And all the stars in pale affright
Are fled before the morning glare.
I see the flood of paradise
I see the sea of liquid blue;
The gentle beauty of the skies
Enchants me with its hue,
Oh, had my soul the power to fly
Into thy bosom, morning sky,
I'd look toward the world no more,
But glory in the shroud
Which veiled a planet I adore
With a perennial cloud.
Oh, morning sky, oh, morning sky,
Ere you will sun has dashed
With scattering, tamer earth-light,
In splendor unadorned,
To dazzle on thy awning eye,
Thou hast a look so free,
So full of love, and grace, and glee,
And liberty serene,
That, oh, this burning heart of mine
Is yearning for the hour divine
When it may seek thy scene.
I would the grave were in thy breast
Instead of on the earth;
The field of an eternal rest
Should have a boundless gift;
It were a charnel fit for gods,
For colder than our couch of weeds,
Where onward bloom and inward gleam
Can never harmonize—
Far sweeter were an azure tomb
Among the stars and skies.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Lawrence Messenger.

FOOLISH FEARS:

OR THE
Old Fortune-Teller of New-Market.

BY NATHAN.

For a few months Clara's foolish fears gave way to the more pleasing and joyful emotions, caused by the certain knowledge that she was beloved by the man of her choice. Did a dark cloud or shadow her fair features, a re-perusal of Harry's last letter would dispel it in a moment. Not a week passed in which she did not receive one, at least, of those tender missives, and her future seemed fraught with naught but joy and happiness. During her father's illness Clara had received but one letter from Harry, and since the death of that beloved parent, she had received none. At first his silence gave her but little uneasiness, for, as he stated in his last letter that he was soon about to visit her, she concluded he had determined upon not writing to her again until after the visit was made. But when weeks had fled, and still no letter, and still no letter, her mind was again filled with her former dismal forebodings, thoughts of Harry's infidelity continually haunted her imagination, and she was truly miserable.

The novelty of her new situation in the mill, served, for a while, to dispel her doubts and fears, but when the excitement had worn away, they returned with redoubled force. Vain were the urgent entreaties of her kind-hearted mother for her to be more cheerful—vain were the protestations of Susan Roberts and Fanny Blake that her absent lover was constant—her mind had become too deeply impressed with the idea that he was false—had forsaken her—for her to heed the encouraging words of her kind friends. There was one among the girls at the house where Clara boarded, who, from some hidden cause, had manifested a deep interest in her concerns, and exhibited so much sympathy towards her, that she had succeeded in winning from the poor girl the cause of her dejection. This girl was generally shunned by the other girls in the house, on account of her unprincipled character, and for the many deceptive tricks she was constantly practicing upon those who were weak-minded enough to be duped by her. But so artfully had she played the deceptive part she was acting with Clara, that she had not only won her confidence and esteem, but had also portrayed, in such glowing colors, the many excellent qualities of the old fortune-teller of New Market, and had expatiated so eloquently in regard to her powers of unveiling the hidden mysteries of futurity, that Clara was finally persuaded to make the old sibyl a visit.

No sooner were Susan and Fanny aware of her intention than they tried by every means in their power, to dissuade her from her purpose. They advised, they urged, they ridiculed—but it was all in vain—and they at length consented to accompany her. On the morning when they were to set forth on their weary pilgrimage, they had again vainly used every effort to make her waver in her determination,

and abandon the idea of going; and it was their merry laughter, excited by the numerous jokes thrown out at the old hag's expense, that had caused the unusual degree of gazing and staring throughout the neighborhood, that was mentioned at the commencement of this "over true tale."

The spot selected by these young girls where to rest their weary limbs, was indeed a beautiful one; and so captivating was its superlative loveliness, that the noisy mirth of the two gay creatures from whom Clara had removed, was for a few moments quelled, and they gazed about them with subdued feeling. The absence of Clara was yet unnoticed, but at length Susan Roberts espied her, and seeing the shade of gloomy sadness that mantled the brow of her dearly beloved friend, she at once broke the spell that had bound her and her merry companion.

"What, Clara?" she cried, "in the 'vapors' again? and that too, in so charming a spot as this? Why! look around you! and see if you do not agree with me in saying that old madam B. has indeed chosen an enchanting spot where to practice the mysteries of her wonderful art of foretelling the destinies of us poor factory girls. But, Clara, if it had not been for your foolish fears about future events, we should have been spared this long and tiresome walk."

"Yes, dear Susan," replied Clara, with a vain effort to appear cheerful, "it is truly a lovely spot, and I cannot but thank you for the kind manner in which you have reproved me in relation to my dismal forebodings; but, Susan, I cannot help entertaining them—no, indeed, I cannot."

"Pshaw! Clara, you can quell them," rejoined the gay Susan, "and take my word for it, one so good and noble as we all know Harry Reeves to be, has it not in his heart to prove recreant to one whom he so dearly loves as he does you; and I am more than half inclined to believe that the reason you have received no letters from him lately is, because both yours and his have been intercepted by that scoundrel, Fred Winter, and dear Clara, now, for once, do take my advice, and let us return home again, leaving this old sibyl to practice her deceptive arts upon those who are foolish enough to believe in them."

"No, no, Susan," said the gentle Clara, "I will not go back now, but I will assure you, kind friend, that I was fully aware of your good intentions this morning, before we started, when you and Fanny tried to laugh me out of what you called my silly superstitions, but I cannot go back now."

"Well, well," said Susan, somewhat petulant, "have your own way, but I have a presentiment that this visit to old madam B. will be of no good to you and we shall all rue the day on which we came here. But hush! I hear a rustling among the bushes on the other side of the fence!"

"Ha! ha! how timid you grow!" now chimed in the roguish Fanny, "and I verily believe you have imbibed somewhat of Clara's superstition. It could have been nothing more than a bird whom your loud conversation has startled from its nest, for we are not yet near enough to the abode of this modern witch of Endor, to be disturbed by any phantom or hobgoblin she may send out to frighten us."

"No," cried Clara, "suddenly rising and joining her companions, "we are not very near her dwelling, but I am so impatient to have my worst fears confirmed or dispelled, that I insist upon our proceeding there at once." And with a merry shout that made the welkin ring, Susan and Fanny sprang to their feet, and the trio were again on their way.

They now soon reached the miserable apology for a dwelling, in which the old sibyl resided, as it was but a short distance from where they had rested, and Susan Roberts, being the boldest, fearlessly led the way. A painful feeling came over all three as they gazed upon the withered features of the old hag, and each one perceptibly shuddered, as she met her wild, vacant stare. But they had already gone too far to retract their steps—to recede was now impossible—and each trembling fair one now fearfully awaited to hear the words the old fortune-teller might essay to speak.

The only chair the hut afforded was occupied by the old hag, and as the girls approached she arose with a degree of mock-majesty, and without a word, looked for a moment into each fair young face before her, until her sunken eyes rested on the now pale cheek of Clara Bell, who, perchance, was the last one who entered. A look of seeming intelligence passed over the ugly features of the old sibyl, and for a moment there seemed to be a malicious smile lurking about her thin lips; but without any further delay she went about the business of her horrid profession, by which she was not only to rob the poor girls of their hard earned money, but in all probability, cause some of them, at least, many sorrowful feelings of foolish anxiety about future events over which they could not possibly have the slightest control.

Each fair hand had been grasped—each feature told—until, at last came Clara Bell, and as the old woman took her fair white hand within her own polluted touch, and looked for an instant mysteriously over its delicately treed

lines, a slight tremor passed over the sweet girl's frame, and her pale cheek grew still paler. It was seemingly a long, long time those wild, glaring eyes were fixed upon that snowy palm; but at last, in a low, sepulchral voice, she spoke:—"Anxiety and sorrow are for thee," she said, "thy lover is absent—he dwells in a large city where the many pretty faces he daily sees have estranged his affections from thee—he is false!—and never again will he return to thee who lovest him so well."

Poor Clara! there she stood like a frozen image, with anguish—deep, bitter, heart-felt anguish depicted in every lineament of her lovely face; but at length she started, and as that sad and sorrowful party of young girls left the room, the malignant smile that for a moment lighted up the grim visage of the old hag told too plainly what a source of gratification it was to her to add to the misery of a fellow-being.

Sad—and how painfully sad, was the return of these young girls back to the village which they left in such gay spirits. No longer was heard the joyous shout or the ringing laugh—all was deep gloom and melancholy. Hardly a word was spoken by either Susan or Fanny, during their long, tiresome walk homeward, for their minds were too full of painful thoughts in regard to the fearful results that might ensue to their dear friend, in consequence of the words the old sibyl had spoken, which, they plainly saw, had made a deep and painful impression upon her too susceptible mind, and which had had a great tendency towards corroborating her former fears. And, although they knew there was no possibility of any blame being attached to them, for they had striven, by every means in their power to prevent her from going, yet they could not reconcile themselves to the idea that they had gone at all.

After leaving Clara at the cottage of her mother, where, in accordance with the promise she had made, she spent each night, Susan and Fanny proceeded on their way to their boarding-house, scarcely heeding any of their numerous friends who they met. Many was the merry joke thrown out at their expense, in the mill the next day, by their lively companions, about the "fortune" they had told them by old witch of N. Market, that should make them so "blue," but they heeded them not. They felt too deep anxiety about themselves, to permit them to think much of poor Clara, and as soon as their day's work was done, and night had thrown her sable mantle over the earth, they hastened to visit her mother's abode, for she had been too sick at heart to make her appearance among the gay creatures with whom she daily toiled.

Fearful, indeed, was the change which they saw in Clara when she met them at her mother's door. Her cheek was as pale as death—her eyes were sunken—and, as she gazed upon them with a wild, vacant stare, they were fearful that reason had departed from its throne. But the soft tones of her gentle voice, as she familiarly called each by name, and invited them to be seated, reassured them, and before their departure they had the pleasing gratification of seeing her face brightened up with a sweet smile, and other indications of returning cheerfulness which bade them hope that all would yet be well. But there were other and real trials in store for the poor girl which were to be a severer tax upon her fortune and strength of mind than had been the imaginary ones she had heretofore been brooding over.

Mrs. Bell was suddenly brought upon a bed of sickness, and her old age and the recent hardships and reverses of fortune she had met with, together with her daughter's continued melancholy, had so preyed upon her mind and constitution, that her friends were fearful this would be her last illness. But of their sorrowful presagings they breathed not a word to Clara, who constantly watched by the bedside of her invalid mother—where she hovered round, like a guardian angel, anticipating her every wish, and conferring all those little acts of kindness, that none but a loving and dutiful daughter can confer on a sick parent so well.

But Clara's unceasing care, and the kind attentions of Dr. S. who was in almost constant attendance, were unavailing. Death had marked the fond and doing mother for its victim, and in two short weeks from the time she was first taken sick, she resigned her life to Him who gave it, and her disembodied spirit winged its airy flight to the bright realms of the blest in eternity.

During her mother's illness, Clara had seemingly been imbued with supernatural powers by which to endure fatigue of body and distress of mind; for although she was incessantly employed in the wearisome duties of the sick chamber, and she was in continual anxiety of mind about her mother, she had not, even for a single hour, been unable to accomplish the task she had so willingly imposed upon herself. Now in all this, time, had these portentous words, uttered by the old fortune-teller of New Market, once crossed her mind.

But now her mother was dead—the last, sad, solemn duty had been performed—and there being no longer cause for that excitement which had, of late, imparted such a beautiful glow to her mind, she once again gave way to the harrowing thoughts which had so long rendered her life miserable.

A few days after her mother's funeral, she sat in the little parlor, indulging in a retrospection of the last few years of her life. She thought of the splendor in which she lived when a child—of her father's death and the penurious condition to which she and her mother were reduced—of her mother's death and of her own utter loneliness. The harrowing conviction that she was an orphan, and dependent on the cold charities of an unfeeling world crossed her mind—and then, as her thought rested on Harry Reeves, his avowed love for her and his mysterious silence, those fearful words, "He is false! and never again will he return to thee who lovest him so well," rang in her ears. This continual tumult of feeling made rapid inroads upon her health—the color faded from her cheek—her step grew feeble—and in a few days she was stretched upon a bed of sickness and pain.

Some two weeks subsequent to the time when Clara was taken sick, there might have been seen standing at the right hand delivery of the Boston Post Office, a young man of noble mien and prepossessing appearance, impatiently awaiting the distribution of the Eastern Mail. There a shade of deep, heart-felt anxiety depicted on every lineament of his handsome features, and when the delivery doors were thrown open he stepped hastily forward, uttered his name to the attendant clerk, and, as a letter, postmarked "EXETER," was handed out to him, his fine, manly countenance was lighted up by bright gleams of unutterable joy. But when he saw the bold, masculine handwriting on its face, a shade of disappointment o'er spread his face.

"Ten thousand curses!" he exclaimed, seemingly unconscious that there were others than himself present, "and am I again disappointed? and that, too, when I exultingly thought she, whom, of all the earth, I love the best, had written me, and these perplexing doubts that rattle within me were about to be dispelled? But no, such happiness was not in store for me. Oh, Clara," he continued, as the unbidden tears trickled down over his smooth, unfurrowed cheek, "for three years I've not heard from you, and you are still silent. But why should I longer repine?—my only hope of happiness in this life is forgetting that I was ever so foolish as to consider so sweet, so precious a treasure mine own." And thus saying, after thrusting into his pocket the letter, which, till now, he had held in his hand, he rushed out of the office, and soon after entered the door of a stately mansion in Tremont street.

On entering the house Harry, (I suppose the reader already knows that it is Harry, and the mansion he has just entered belongs to his uncle) proceeded directly to his room, where he less than threw himself into a chair, and again gave vent to his pent up feelings.

"Why mock me longer, Clara?" he ejaculated, "well do you know the intensity of the love I bear for you; then why thus persist in procuring a silence, which you can but know is painful to me, and which transforms into perfect pandemonium what might otherwise make my earth paradise? You cannot love me as you profess—your love proved—no, no, I will not utter that cruel word—there must be falsehood somewhere—one so pure as you could never deceive—and—ah! I, mad fool that I have been, have not yet read the letter I received from Exeter. Perhaps—" And he nervously broke the seal, and commenced reading as follows:—

Exeter, N. H. May 14. 18—

Mr. REEVES.
Respected Sir:—You will doubtless deem it rank presumption on my part, strangers as we are, in unceremoniously intruding myself upon your notice, as I am now in the act of doing. But, kind sir, when your eye has extended a little farther down the page, and you see of whom my words more particularly relate, you will at once pardon my presumption; and, therefore, sir, trusting in your clemency, I shall at once reveal to you certain mysteries connected with the past, without further comment or formality.

"Impudent! by Jupiter!" exclaimed Harry, who notwithstanding his troubles, could hardly refrain from laughing at the bold front his correspondent had presented, "cool and brassy as a counsellor," he continued, "but see the termination of this romance, sir, chivalrous knight," and again he read—

Be it known to you, Harry Reeves, Esq.—heir presumptive of a Boston millionaire—and the lovely Clara Bell, of this town—who have twice sprung my offers of marriage—have both been my victims! Yes! you, proud Harry Reeves, and she, pretty, disdainful Clara Bell, have been most essentially duped by me—Fred Winter—a heartless, unprincipled adventurer and base, relentless trifler with woman's purest affections! I have duped ye both I say! yes—and now I exultingly make it my boast, and will now tell you how 'twas done!

Well, then, sir, I loved—more—I madly loved Miss Bell, and after being twice rejected, I resolved if I could not wed her, you should not, and as it further fell out, soon after the death of her father and her entrance into the mill, I became acquainted with one of the most unprincipled little wretches of which the village of Exeter can boast—a genuine self-deceiver—who bartered with her, who, through my investigation, (the vision thought I loved her) and

the flattering jingle of my glittering coin. (Clara was very lavish with it) she fawned round the too unsuspecting Clara, and soon succeeded in winning from her the whole secret of her love for you, and the foolish fears she had long indulged in relative to the future. This was all told me by the heartless girl, and through my instructions she worked upon Clara's mind until the poor girl became fully persuaded that, in order to have her fears confirmed or dispelled, the best thing she could do was to visit the old fortune teller of New Market. This was the very thing I most wished for—I thought my plans for revenge were now complete—and I would here add that, to accelerate, with all possible dispatch, the desirable result of my dearly cherished plans, I had for several weeks intercepted every letter between you and her, so that neither of you received a single line from the other—and at the time of which I am now writing, I had the satisfaction of knowing that she almost conclusively believed you had proved a recreant knight.

Well, sir, as I have said, my bait took finely—and learning from my hopeful protégée the day on which she would visit the hut of the fortune teller, I hastened on in advance of her and her companions described her appearance so minutely that she could not possibly be mistaken, and placing a piece of gold in the withered hand of the old soresucker, as a bribe, and bidding her to roll Clara a "fortune" that would not leave her the least remaining vestige of hope, I departed for Exeter.

The old hag followed my directions to the letter, and now Clara is stretched upon a bed of sickness, her body racked with the most excruciating pains, and, I am told, she is deranged. Now, Harry Reeves, come and see her—it may do you good to gaze upon the emaciated form of one you so dearly love, unknown and unnoticed by her, with the full consciousness that she can never be yours! As for myself, I shall be far out of your way before you receive this, and a search for me would be useless. Therefore, dear sir, wishing you all success in your affair de amour, I now bid you farewell.

Yours Respectfully,

FRED. WINTER.
"Base fiend of hell!" vociferated Harry, as he tore the letter to atoms, "then I have been duped by you—have, through your infernal schemes, been led to doubt Clara's fidelity—and now she lies on a bed of sickness—while I, innocent fool that I am, remain here indulging in idle murmurings at my cruel fate. But I will no longer indulge in them—I will hasten to her bedside—I will whisper words of love and a full assurance of my constancy in her ear—I will watch by her and wait upon her until she is restored to perfect health—she will not, she SHALL NOT DIE!" were the wild and broken exclamations he uttered, but now that he was assured that her love for him was still unchanged, a bright ray of hope re-kindled, illumined his features, and he felt more at ease than he had for weeks before.

He ordered his servant to get his baggage in readiness for his departure, and after leaving the necessary orders to the under clerks in his uncle's house, relative to conducting the business during his absence, he took his seat in the cars, and was soon drawn speedily on, by the propelling power of the "iron-steed," towards the spot which contained the object of his heart's sincere devotion.

From the first day of Clara's illness, she had been insensible to all that was going on around her. Susan Roberts and Fanny Blake had been almost constantly by her bed side—still she knew them not, and each day she grew worse. On the very afternoon that Harry left Boston, Susan, Fanny and Dr. S. were sitting by the side of her whom they all so highly esteemed. The room was still as death, and deep, deep was the anxiety depicted on the countenances of these dear girls, as they sat there intently watching the doctor, as he felt their sick friend's pulse, for some look or token from him that might bid them hope for her recovery.

They had now been thus watching over the poor girl for more than three hours, at last the kind doctor bade them leave the room, for now he said, had come the turning point in her disease, and that, to ensure a restoration of reason and health, the utmost quiet was absolutely necessary. His request was immediately complied with, but long, tediously, dimly long seconded the time to pass, as they awaited the good man's decision.

Time sped on, but still the doctor remained in the room with Clara. Susan and Fanny were in the deepest distress—their minds were wrought up to the highest pitch of painful, torturing anxiety, and they were impatiently waiting for the return of the doctor, when the door bell was rung, and in a few moments the thrice welcome form of Harry Reeves stood before them. Never was an arrival more unexpected than that of Harry, for no intimation of his coming had been received, and for a moment a bright gleam of re-kindled hope flitted over the fair faces of the two girls, but it was soon obscured in the dark shades of deep anxiety that had previously pervaded them.—

Harry had noticed the dejected appearance of the two girls when he entered the room, and, leaving barely time for an interchange of salutations, he burst out with:

"But what of Clara?—tell me of her—" and seeing that the mention of her name caused a still deeper dejection, he impatiently continued, "for Heaven's sake ladies, keep me not in this suspense!—is she better?—is she worse?—say not," added he, as a painful suspicion flitted across his mind, "for mercy's sake, say not that she is—"

"No, Harry!—she is not dead, but still lives to love and bless you! almost shouted the kind-hearted doctor, as he rushed into the room and seized his young friend by the hand, "neither do I think she will die now," he laughingly continued, "for if I am not sadly mistaken as to the import of certain almost incoherent sentences I heard fall from her lips, you, youngster, can do more towards curing her malady than all the medicine in every chest, vial or saddlebag about my premises or person. Therefore, sir, you are hereafter commissioned by me, to prescribe those remedies that will reach the heart of the disease, while I am applying others that will restore her to her former strength. But my glib tongue is needlessly keeping you away from your patient, and I now command you to go to her at once, and afterwards we will put our wise caputs together and concoct plans for our future operations. Go."

Harry needed no further urging, but with a light step he ascended the stairs, and the sweet smile of recognition he received from Clara, who had fully regained her reason, more than half recompensed him for his past sufferings, and as he sat there with her fair white hand clasped in his, enjoying the soft sunshine of her sweet smiles, a happy, happy fellow was Harry Reeves.

Clara's health now improved more and more every day, until at last, she was able to go down stairs—then she could stand the fatigue of a short ride in the country—then she was restored to perfect health—then—there was a wedding, and Harry and Clara were as happy as a prince and queen. They spent the two weeks subsequent to their marriage in visiting some of his relatives in New Hampshire and then went to Boston, where Harry soon after entered upon the duties incumbent upon the responsible situation he held in his uncle's store. In about six months after Harry's marriage, the old gentleman died, leaving Harry sole heir to his immense wealth, and Harry and Clara are now living a life of unalloyed happiness, respected and esteemed by all who know them.

Susan Roberts also had trials and tribulations. A few months previous to the time when the events transpired which I have narrated at the commencement of this story, she came up from Newfields, where she had been residing, and entered the mill as an operative. A short time after her arrival she became acquainted with Edward Rowe, a young painter in the village, for whom she soon formed an ardent attachment, and felt her love to be returned. For a while things went on smoothly enough with the youthful lovers, but at length a change came over the spirits of their dreams. Business grew dull in Exeter—Edward had been out of employment for several weeks—and now, in hopes of better luck, he started for Boston. There he prospered even beyond his fondest expectations, and for a time he was true to the loved one he had left behind. But finally strange stories reached his ears of her fickleness towards him, and of her being seen in company of young men whom she knew he despised. When these stories first came to his ears he gave them not the least credence, but when they began to come faster and thicker and better authenticated, he could no longer doubt them, and his absence, which he at first intended should last but for a few weeks, was protracted to six months. Along towards the close of autumn, wishing to see his mother, sister and brothers, who still resided in Exeter, he visited home, with the intention of returning to the city in a few days, but as the fates would have it, on the evening of the day on which Edward arrived in town, he and Susan, as if by previous agreement, both attended a lecture in the Methodist Church, where they were made the actors in a sort of micro-dramatic scene which was the means of bringing them again together. As the speaker had about half finished his discourse Susan was carried out of the house in a fainting fit—Edward followed—and, as a matter of course, after she recovered he accompanied her home, where a natural explanation took place—the past was forgotten—and—last summer they were married, and are now living in Boston, happy and contented.

Fanny had a lover too—a young painter—who gave her no little trouble. He was a wild lad—that same beau of Fanny's was—and knowing how well she loved him he took much seeming delight in teasing her by absconding himself from her society for weeks, and playing the gallant with some pretty young miss with whom he was acquainted. Fanny's disposition was naturally very slightly tinged with jealousy, and her feelings in regard to the conduct of her lover, can be more easily imagined by those that have been bitten by the "green-eyed monster," than can be described by me. About a year ago, he went to Newburyport, whither he follow-

ed him, and by unremitting demonstrations of love wrought a total change in his character, convinced him of the utter folly and heartlessness of his former conduct, and, if Madame Rumor can for even once be relied upon, they were a few weeks ago, united in the holy hands of wedlock.

The old Fortune teller has also been married, but to a shiftless sort of a body who is too lazy to earn even his own living, and the old woman is compelled to continue on in the course of her evil doing, in order to obtain a sustenance for herself and the worthless being whom she calls husband. Fred Winter, was heard of once since he left Exeter—then he had joined a company of Indiana volunteers and was on the road to Mexico.

This gentle reader having fairly and justly disposed of the principal characters connected with this story, I suppose it is high time for me to doff my leaver and say good bye. I would add, however, before closing, that on last Fast day I saw Ellen Roberts, Susan's sister, a beautiful girl of about twenty-two years of age, and two other girls, proceeding on their way towards the hut of the old Fortune teller. During their visit to that old hag and in the previous history of Ellen's life there was enough of romantic incident to form the 'material' for another story, which shall be forth coming, and which will be much more interesting to the general reader than this has been.

APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

The following eloquent and animated address of the Central Democratic Committee in this city, speaks to the heart of every republican. It expresses the hopes and sympathies of every one with whom we have conversed. What it advises to be done, we hope will be done. "Rouse up the Committees," and circulate the documents through the length and breadth of the land.—Washington Union.

ADDRESS OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE TO THE DEMOCRACY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BRETHREN, We deem it our duty to address you briefly upon the present aspects of the presidential campaign.

At the outset we assure you that nothing has yet occurred which has shaken our confidence in the success of the democratic party, and the triumphant election of our illustrious standard bearers, LEWIS CASS and WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

Until the recent elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the intelligent members of the whig party had given up all hope of the election of their candidates. Their nominations had produced disaffection, distraction, and division in their ranks. Their military candidate had not only failed to awaken any enthusiasm in his favor, but had well nigh ruined his prospects, faint as they were, by the injudicious correspondence in which he had indulged. In this stage of the campaign, the election in the western states, and in North Carolina, Maine and Georgia, occurred, and resulted disastrously to the whig cause. The effect of these triumphs of the democracy was to inspire our party with exultation and undoubting confidence in the election of their candidates, while it filled the hearts of our opponents with fear and despondency. Hence, while faith in ultimate victory induced the former to relax their efforts, it gave the energy of despair to the latter.

The result of the recent election in Pennsylvania, where the democratic party have a strong and reliable majority is but the fruit of these two combined causes. While in our belief it has not endangered the democratic cause, it proclaims in thunder tones to the democracy the necessity of vigilance, energy and untiring activity.

We repeat, we see nothing in the present state of the campaign to lead us to doubt, for a moment, the final success of the democratic party in November. A calm and dispassionate view of the recent elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio, convinces us that the democracy have nothing to fear from those states in the Presidential election.

In Pennsylvania all parties and factions opposed to the democratic party united on the whig candidate for governor. He was voted for by whigs, native Americans, abolitionists, and Van Buren men. This union of parties and factions upon the whig candidate has probably secured his election by a majority not exceeding a few hundred votes, while the democratic candidate for canal commissioner was elected by a handsome majority.

In Ohio the democracy had the same combination to encounter. Besides, in the state election we did not expect victory. Yet the result, under all the circumstances, most glorious. We have gained in the election of members of Congress and the legislature, and in all probability, have carried our candidate for governor.

In view of these results, can there be a doubt that the votes of Pennsylvania and Ohio will be given to the democratic candidates in November? We think not. Every vote which was cast for Longstreth in Pennsylvania may be relied on for Cass and Butler, as may also every vote given to the gallant Weller in Ohio. But can all the whig factions that voted for the whig candidates in those States be depended upon for Gen. Taylor? If there is any honesty in human nature, they cannot be. In the first place, the abolitionists cannot vote for Gen. Taylor. The abstraction of the vote of that party from the whig candidate will reduce his vote at least 8000 in Ohio, and 4000 in Pennsylvania. The abstraction also of the pretended "free-soil" faction will take from him many thousands more in both States. Neither abolitionists nor Van Buren men can vote for the whig nominee, without proving themselves to be utterly corrupt and unprincipled. To these may be added Quakers and other religious denominations,

who cannot, upon principle, vote for a military candidate, who now belongs to the army and wears a sword by his side.

WE THEREFORE BELIEVE IT TO BE MORALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE WHIG PARTY TO CARRY EITHER PENNSYLVANIA OR OHIO, IF OUR BRETHREN IN THOSE STATES MANFULLY DO THEIR DUTY, AS WE HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE THEY WILL.

In addition to the encouraging signs which have been indicated in the state elections during the summer and autumn, and the certain prospect of carrying Pennsylvania and Ohio in the approaching Presidential election, we have the strongest assurance that Tennessee, and, perhaps, even North Carolina, will be added to the plenary of democratic states in November.

We therefore unhesitatingly say to our democratic brethren of the Union, be of good cheer. Your final success is certain, if you do your duty manfully and faithfully until the election. But you must no longer fold your arms in inactivity—you must work—you must speak—you must write—you must organize forthwith in every county, town, and school district, and you must rally every democrat and bring him to the polls.

We speak plainly to you, because we would not disguise from you the necessity of instant and untiring effort. The unexpected gains of our opponents have aroused them from the gloomiest despair to wild and unreasonable hope. It will stimulate them to additional exertion, which will render activity and energy more necessary on the part of the democracy. Brethren, when we call upon you to make the necessary effort for success, we are confident we shall not be disappointed.

We would address the old democracy—the supporters of Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson—and ask if they desire a return of the federal party to power, with its odious policy and its obnoxious measures? Are the fruits of a quarter of a century of hard struggle now to be lost for the want of a little effort on your part? We do not believe it.

To our naturalized fellow citizens—to Frenchmen, Germans, Irish, English, now citizens of the United States—we appeal. Do you desire to see a party elevated to power that prescribes to you—the party that passed the infamous alien law—the party would never permit you to become citizens in this land of liberty, this asylum of the oppressed, to which you have come to enjoy the sweets of freedom—the party that openly leagues with the proscriptive native Americans to overthrow the democracy, who stand by your rights and privileges? If not, you cannot fail to rally under the banner of democracy, the party of equal rights and of liberty.

To the patriotic people of the United States we would appeal. Do you desire the success of the party that opposes your country in every foreign controversy—the party whose leaders have committed "moral treason" in two wars—the war with England in 1812, and the war with Mexico in 1847?—the party whose candidate is supported in one portion of the Union because he is in favor of the extension of slavery, and in the other because he is not? If not, then cast your ballots for the candidates of the party whose feelings are American, and whose principles are not hidden from the people.

To our democratic brethren we again say, a splendid triumph is within your reach, if you will make the necessary efforts to secure it. Will you do it? We await in confidence, your answer at the ballot boxes in November next.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1848.

We copy the following from the Worcester Spy, (anti-Taylor whig paper.) The writer ought to give his name to the public:

REV. MR. LAMB AND GEN. TAYLOR.

The following communication explains itself.

It is from a gentleman who from his infancy has resided in Northampton, except while absent in the army. He sustains an irreproachable character, and we are assured by one who has known him ten years, that he is a man "who could not be induced by any means to make any statement which was not strictly correct." Perhaps the *Sentinel* of the *Living Whig* can induce the very worthy Rev. Mr. Lamb to send forth another lying epistle, to bolster up the bloodhound candidate. If he should do so, we would suggest to him the propriety of confining himself to the truth; for there is living witness all over the country, who will not silently see truth belied, even by a reverend clergyman.

NORTHAMPTON, Oct. 10, 1848.

To the Editor of the *Spy*.—Dear Sir:—Have seen a letter of the True Whig published at Worcester, from the Rev. H. J. Lamb, of Peterboro', N. H. relative to the character of Gen. Taylor, which is calculated to deceive the public mind, and to mislead people who know nothing of his character. Now I would not say one word derogatory of Mr. Lamb. He labored zealously to do good while he was at Fort Jessup especially in the temperance cause—and he treated me and all the rest of the men, so far as I know, with civility and kindness; but I have seen much of Gen. Taylor as he has, being in the army under him, two years at Fort Jessup, and through his campaign in Mexico, until after the Battle of Buena Vista. Mr. Lamb's letter contains statements which are false, and ought to be contradicted. As regards General Taylor's habits, he is a man of retired and secluded habits, and naturally of a very irritable temper; and although not in the constant habit of swearing, he is sure to curse when irritated, and that was very often the case while he was in the army.

For instance, upon one occasion when he was crossing the river in a boat that was ferried by means of a rope which was stretched across the river, when they were in the middle of the stream, the hand of the man slipped from the rope, and the boat went down with the current; the man caught the oars to pull back to the rope, and in

his excitement pulled the wrong way. The General saw him, and flew into a passion and cursed him for being a fool, and other hard names; struck him nearly knocking him out of the boat. Another time, at the battle of Monterey, he sent an order, by another officer, to Capt. H. W. Merrill, of the 2d Dragoons, in whose company I served, which order was not given correctly, and when the General afterwards saw Merrill in the wrong place, he cursed and abused him in the most violent language, and would hear no excuse nor explanation; but some days afterwards he found out where the fault was, he sent for Merrill and apologized to him.

On these and other occasions, which it is needless to mention, I have heard him swear very badly. I never heard him express himself upon political questions, although just before the troops left Fort Jessup he wrote a sort of an address, and had it read to the men as they were drawn up in the form of dress parade, wherein he spoke approvingly of annexation, and other measures of the administration, urging the officers and men to be united, and closing with the old motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." It was a very flat mess of stuff, and the men that stood near me could scarcely refrain from laughing in the ranks. I wish I had a copy of it to send to you. I think all who would read it would be inclined to believe him when he says he is not qualified for the office of President.

Mr. Lamb says he was invariably present at public worship on the Sabbath. His memory must serve him very badly. General Taylor did not attend public worship more than a third part of the time. I attended as often as that myself, and I never saw him there but once or twice; and I often used to ask persons who attended when I did not, if General Taylor and some other officer that I mentioned were present; and I almost always received a negative answer, with respect to the General. The assertions about the instruction, and piety of his negroes, are equally incorrect.

As regards Gen. Taylor's connection with temperance reform, the library, &c., at Fort Jessup: he had nothing to do with them at all, more to countenance them, and not to give a direct order to put them down; which no man would have done unless he had been a fiend in human shape. The temperance society, was formed in the absence of Gen. Taylor, while Col. Twigg (now General Twigg) had command of the post; and he was called the father of the society, and did more for it, and set a brighter example in Temperance than any officer there. The proposition for a library was first made by some noncommissioned officers and privates. Subscription lists were started by them, and most of the money was subscribed by them. The project was made known to the officers, and some of them subscribed liberally towards it. I do not recollect whether Gen. Taylor did or not. We sent the money to New York and bought a nice library of the Harpers of nearly a thousand volumes; and it was certainly a great privilege that Gen. Taylor allowed us to meet together evenings to promote temperance, and to take our own books and read them. Could any man do less?

One of the laws of the temperance society was that if any man was known to violate his pledge he was turned out of the society and his name was published in some conspicuous place. Mr. Lamb was one of the first to suffer the penalty. Such a temperance man as General Taylor. Like Mr. Lamb, I never saw him drink spirit or wine; but I have no doubt he did occasionally, for on one occasion, the 4th of July next after the battle of Palo Alto at Matamoros, I knew him to be intoxicated, and I have heard of his being so on other occasions. I do not mean to give the impression that he was in the habit of getting intoxicated—far from it. He is a man of generally temperate habits and sets an example worthy to be followed by the officers under him, who are generally the most profane, hard-drunk sort of men in the army. But when a man here at the North, undertakes to deceive people who know nothing of him and make him out a saint, or second Washington it is time the truth is told. But if General Taylor has such a decided preference for Northern measures and institutions and is anxious to do so much for emancipation as Mr. Lamb says, why did he not at the close of the war stop purchasing negroes, instead of taking up more, so that with his 250 slaves he is able to cast in effect, 150 votes to you? Propose this question for the consideration of Mr. Lamb, perhaps he can reconcile his actions with his limitations; but I cannot.

Yours with respect,
S. J. Jr.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When a poor loafer is kicked up, with an empty rum bottle by his side, the papers say—"Another victim of intemperance." When a respectable citizen eats a dinner that kills him in a few hours, with or without the help of the doctors, the same papers head his obituary notice, "Mysterious Providence!"

FOSSIL TOOTH.—A mammoth tooth weighing seven pounds and a quarter, has been discovered in Mount Holly, Vermont. It was dug up in making excavations in a hill, for the Rutland and Burlington Railroad. It was found imbedded in coarse gravel, ten or fourteen feet below the surface. The gravel-bed lay between two steep parallel ridges of rock forming what appears to have been, anciently, the bed of a river.

An invention for cutting stone is in operation in New Haven, which dresses down stone at the rate of a square foot in from one to two minutes, and with two attendants, only, and a limited amount of steam power, doing the labor of more than a hundred men. There is said to be no mistake in the thing; and if so, it promises to make stone supercede brick, and revolutionize entirely our modes of building.

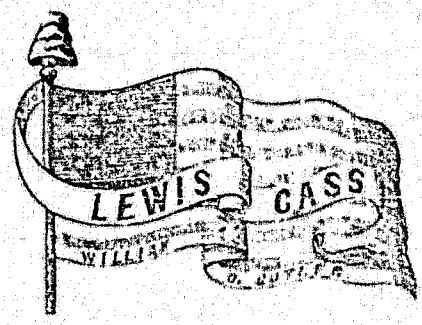
A drop or two of honey well rubbed on the hands while wet, after washing with soap, prevents chapping, and removes the roughness of the skin—it is particularly pleasant for children's hands and faces in cold weather.—American Agriculturist.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, OCT. 24, 1848.

Democratic Republican Nominations.



ELECTION, THURSDAY, NOV. 7.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. LEWIS CASS,
OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
GEN. WILLIAM O. BUTLER,
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR ELECTORS.
HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast.
REFUS MCINTIRE, of Paris.
EDWARD L. OSGOOD, of Fairfield.
THOMAS D. ROBINSON, of Bath.
OLIVER L. SANBORN, of Portland.
ANDREW MASTERS, of Hallowell.
ASA CLARK, of Scarborough.
DAVID R. STRAW, of Canby.
ARNO WISWELL, of Ellsworth.

THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE.

Democracy is the cause of the people. Else why do we see those who have ever been the people's greatest enemies, labouring with the opposition to put it down. The federalists, the opposers of every war in which our country has been engaged, have denounced every democratic administration and its measures, while their leaders have been called the friends and lovers of their country. Look at the Prince of Federalists, who a thousand times leaped down in the most bitter terms, the great man Andrew Jackson, who fought and served with the most heroic patriotism, in the service of his country, while the God-like was exerting every nerve to frustrate and oppose his measures. The federalists said, "Jackson does well enough for a warrior, but he is not fit for other important stations." He cares for nothing but the farmer and the mechanic. There is the trouble—the basis of federal opposition to Democratic Administrations, and to the election of Gen. Cass—they are guilty of eating as much for the interest of the farmer and the mechanic as for brokers and speculators.

It is to be regretted, that when the votes of a free and enlightened people are to be solicited in favor of candidates for the highest office in their gift, personal considerations, and partialities and prejudices should be appealed to instead of a fair, dispassionate exposition of the principles by which a candidate or an administration is to be guided. Never before the present Presidential contest was there so much ultra devotion to party or men without regard to principle, as on the side of the federal party at the present time. They have put in nomination for President a man who has not only been the most of his life a warrior, but one who acknowledges himself utterly unfit for the office, a nomination which Daniel Webster declares unfit to be made, and the truth of which thousands of whigs have acknowledged. True they profess to have shown great independence in overlooking the claims of their most prominent leader—but why did they do so? Because he was an enlarged one, not confined to this or that man. Oh, no! they will sacrifice all claims—but those which they themselves put up in their own favor. Of this there can be no doubt. But they say, "we must put down the democratic party at all hazards, and no matter by what means, so that we can accomplish our ends." For this purpose they have selected a man acknowledged without principle, who is pledged not to veto any bill passed by Congress however exceptional; and thus with a federal Congress, if they can get it, they expect to carry into effect all their odious measures of Bank, Tariff, &c. Can it be, then, that the people will give the power into the hands of a party, that has no settled plan of policy on any of the great national interests which are identified with the growth and prosperity of the country? Will true and honest Democrats aid in the election of such a man, by uniting with a one-sided faction, whose whole aim is disorganization, revenge, in preference to GENERAL CASS, whose whole political life has been identified with measures favorable to the extension of the great principle of equal rights, and who has ever been the noble, eloquent, and uncompromising advocate of Jeffersonian doctrine? It cannot be. Shall we be less interested in the election of such a man, acknowledged even by his enemies to be every way competent, than the federalists are for a man they admit incompetent? The dignified course of Cass, on all occasions, whether of a foreign or domestic character, his eminent talents as a Statesman, unsurpassed by any of those of his contemporaries, his irreproachable character in public as in private life, constitute additional titles to the respect and affections of the American people, and to speak the truth there is danger.

reasons why he should be, as well as why he will be, the next President.

READ THIS.

The leaders and papers of the Van Buren faction, (we can call it nothing else,) are making effort in their power to make the people believe, that, as we have, by our late war with Mexico, come into possession of territory, now free, to which every citizen in the Union has an equal claim—the question at issue between the democratic party and the above named faction, is, "Shall it be free or slave territory?" Now this is not the fact, or the true issue. Not a democrat in the North is in favor of making free territory slave territory—and even in the South few expect it, knowing that our newly acquired territory is not at all adapted to slave labor. GENERAL CASS is in favor of the principles involved in the Wilmot Proviso, and only differs from its advocates as to the best mode of carrying out those principles. And hence many Wilmot Proviso men in this and other States are Cass men. The democratic party are willing to leave the disposition of the territory in the hands of Congress; especially as the emigration to this territory from the free States and from foreign countries will far exceed the emigration from slave States—and it being also decided that the moment a Planter takes slaves to a free territory they are no longer slaves. But what reason have we to suppose that the leaders of the Van Buren faction care anything about the extension of slavery when they know that every democrat they can induce to vote the Van Buren ticket will help to elect Taylor, one of the greatest slave holders in the world, whose sympathy and interest are involved in its extension. They know very well that GENERAL CASS and the democrats of the North are, and ever have been opposed to the extension of slavery; and yet they prefer Taylor, judging from their acts, to him. Not an inch of free territory has ever been acquired by this country and then made slave territory, and Van Buren leaders have no fears that there ever will be. They only they have nothing to lose, and hope to gain only by mounting some new hobby, thereby deceiving the people—and disorganizing the democratic party—rule or ruin is their motto. We can but think the Van Buren faction the most dangerous that has ever been put up in this country. Its whole tendency is to create a jealousy in the South towards the North—and thereby to produce a Northern and Southern party, governed wholly by sectional interests, regardless of the general good, which would be a virtual separation of the Union. Not that we have any fears that this Union will ever be dissolved, because we do not believe the Van Buren faction will long exist; but should it succeed, that would be the result. Hence, we look upon the efforts of its leaders as little better than treason! Beware, we say, of factions!

Great Rally for 1848.

The seventh of November, two weeks from to-day, is the day of our great National Election, the results of which will be to the people for weal or for woe, long to be remembered by them. Democrats are you ready for the conflict? Is every democrat prepared to go to the ballot-box, give the counter-sign, and show himself a true friend to his country? If not, then defeat is our destiny. We have democratic voters enough to carry this State; yet in the opinion of those who have the best means of knowledge, they must all be at the polls, or we lose the State. The whigs and factionists are to carry the day. They know it is their last struggle—and who ever heard of a drowning man knapping? Not a living democrat, then, should be allowed to be absent from the Polls. And are any so indifferent to their rights of suffrage, who have cost the toils and blood of our fathers, as to neglect to exercise it at the coming election, they would be hardly deserving of our pity should they become subject to the domination of a party that would deprive them of the right, until they learned better how to appreciate it. Democrats, is there now a proper organization throughout the County, and in each school district? If not, let the work be done at once! And are our friends in other Counties at work, or are they willing to suffer another defeat, and permit the calamities of another whig reign to come upon the people? Which will be the Banner Cause? Old Oxford is pledged for Cass and BUTLER. Will she redeem her promise?

Let democrats beware of the professed whig "free-soil" men. They are tricky, and will deceive you, at least one half of them, as sure as many of them have mortgages upon our free soil. No pairing off—no trusting to mere professions. A vote for Van Buren is half a vote for Taylor, and they know it. Those that they cannot get to vote for the 300 slave men, they will endeavor to cheat out of their votes by some humbuggery about Van Buren. Trust to the old Republican party. It has never been false yet, and will not be now. It is through that organization that "free-soil" men can best subvert the cause of freedom.

The Boston Atlas, which goes in neck and heels for Old Zack, made these remarks before the mum General was nominated:

No man, however exalted he may be, is worthy of the votes of freemen, who withholds his opinions upon questions of great public moment. Let the press and the people take a stand upon this point, and unequivocally refuse to take a candidate upon trust, and they will command an avowal of his opinions. We hold to the maxim of Coleridge, "that the truth should be spoken at all times, and particularly at times when it is dangerous to speak the truth there is danger."

STATE OF MAINE. A PROCLAMATION. FOR A DAY OF Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

I, JOHN W. DANA, Governor of the State of Maine, with the advice of the Executive Council, do appoint THURSDAY, the sixteenth day of November next, as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING and PRAISE.

Responsive to his labors and his wants, the teeming earth has given unto man a bounteous harvest, "whereof he may eat and be glad." Amid the emotions which have shaken the social fabric of the civilized world, our happy country has rested in profound repose, our citizens enjoying, unmolested and unmole, the rights of person and of property, of thought, speech and conscience. The school house and the church have continued undisturbed to shed their quiet, unobtrusive influence upon the mind and heart, invigorating man's intellectual and moral powers and giving him intelligent direction in his unceasing aspirations for a continued enlargement of his civil and religious freedom.

For all these blessings let our God be praised—not in the mere external forms of thankfulness—not with lip service, nor with meats and drinks alone, but with the ever pleasing offering of liberal hands and thankful hearts.

Augusta, Oct. 17, 1848.

NOMINATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

AGENTS FOR RESERVED LANDS.
Geo. L. Cox, Amherst, Hancock Co.
James W. Moore, Cherryfield, Washington Co.
Timothy Walker, Rumford, Oxford Co.
Joseph M. Moor, Palmyra, Somerset Co.
Joshua Chamberlain, Brewer, Penobscot Co.
Abraham S. Patten, Dover, Piscataquis Co.
Francis G. Butler, Farmington, Franklin Co.
Nelson Herrin, Houlton, Sheriff of Aroostook.

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE. We are just informed that Mr. Jabez H. WOODMAN, of New Gloucester, a graduate of Bowdoin College, has been engaged as an Associate Instructor in this flourishing Institution of learning. Mr. W. has been engaged for many years in the business of teaching, and is well known as a popular, able and efficient instructor. His connection with the Normal Institute will commence in a few days, as soon as he can leave the school now under his charge.

FLORIDA.—The Washington Union says, "The information received authorizes the assurance that the legislature (whig last year) is now democratic by from 5 to 11 majority and that Gen. Bayley, the democratic candidate for governor, is elected by at least 400 majority. It may be that Col. Cobell, owing to local circumstances, has beaten Gov. Duval, for Congress, but this is not conceded."

A writer in the Worcester Spy, S. J. Jr., of Northboro', says the temperance society at Fort Jessup was formed when Col. Twigg was in command. Gen. Taylor being absent, and that the Rev. Mr. Lamb, the certificate maker for Gen. Taylor's anti-swearing habits, was the first person to be posted for breaking the temperance pledge!

THE CATASTROPHE AT THE FALLS.—It has been satisfactorily ascertained that the unfortunate man who met so sudden and dreadful a fate at Niagara Falls, was Richard Leavelle, a shoe-maker by trade, belonging to Buffalo. He was about thirty-five years of age, and had no family. Mr. Leavelle left Buffalo in his boat on a hunting excursion, and was probably drawn within the rapids unawares.

LADIES' HAIR.—A fashionable newspaper in London thus tells the young ladies how to make their hair wavy. It is too important an affair to be limited to any one country! So here goes their learned better how to appreciate it. Democrats, is there now a proper organization throughout the County, and in each school district? If not, let the work be done at once! And are our friends in other Counties at work, or are they willing to suffer another defeat, and permit the calamities of another whig reign to come upon the people? Which will be the Banner Cause? Old Oxford is pledged for Cass and BUTLER. Will she redeem her promise?

THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.—Gerrit Smith says that he wishes he was a colored man, or something that amounts to much the same thing. In a letter addressed by him to some gentlemen, he says: "I well remember that on a certain occasion, when your spirit was rejoicing at my identification with my colored brethren, you exclaimed—'Gerrit Smith is a colored man!' So called."

HEAVY.—The Rochester Advertiser says that two brothers breakfasted at the McLean Hotel in that city on Friday morning, who had the least possible appearance of consumption, except perhaps, the consumption of food! One of them weighed 314 lbs., and the other 312—the united weights of the two being six hundred and fifty-six pounds! At the same table sat a third individual whose weight was 258 pounds, making an aggregate for the three of 914 pounds!

A TROUBLESOME CONGREGATION.—One Sunday, when the minister of Udney entered the kirk, he was no less than indignant to find that "Jimmie Fleming" had taken possession of the pulpit. "Come down, Jimmie," said his reverence. "Come ye up, sir," answered Jimmie; "they're a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, sir, and it will tak us bath to manage them!" Liverpool Standard.

An Irish orator speaking of an opponent's loss of praise described him so vain in that respect, that he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to read the stone cutter's pull on his grave.

THE ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—We shall not feel absolutely sure for Johnston's election until the official returns have all been received at Harrisburg, and a majority thereon for Johnston officially declared. Others may be confident, but we prefer to wait. The contest is so amazingly close that we cannot feel sure on such returns as have reached us.

Legislature.—There is no dispute about the Senate—28 whigs to 12 democrats. The Pennsylvania say the House stands 52 whigs to 48 democrats.—Tribune.

The Pennsylvania is confident that on congressmen the democratic majority will be TWO THOUSAND in the State.

ISRAEL PAINTER, the democratic candidate for colonial commissioner, is elected by a majority of not less than ONE THOUSAND, and it may be two THOUSAND votes.

LATEST.—The Pennsylvania of Wednesday morning gives complete returns for Governor, all the counties but 17 being official, and make Johnston's (whig) majority in the State, 47.

OHIO.—The Columbus Statesman of the 14th inst. says the whigs claim to have elected their candidate for Governor by about 200 majority, and the Democrats to have elected theirs by a majority somewhat larger. It adds, "Our belief is strong that Weller is elected."

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column headed "Lost."

THE VERDICT OF GUILTY, in the case of Miller, an extensive financier in Boston, caused a consternation among his friends—the opinion being general that the Jury would not agree.—Miller evidently felt the blow severely, but struggled hard to preserve his self-possession, and to a great degree succeeded. The Court then fixed the bail at \$15,000, and the defendant not being prepared with satisfactory sureties, he was taken to jail. There is another indictment coming twelve counts, upon which he is yet to be tried.

MICHIGAN SWEET POTATOES. This popular vegetable has been supposed to belong exclusively to the South and New Jersey, being the most northern point where they are cultivated. A load of very fine ones has been seen in Michigan from the farm of Mr. Carheart, who has little less than an acre. The yield is not far from three hundred bushels. They are of excellent quality, and superior to any that we have seen in our market from Ohio. There was no difficulty in selling them at \$1.12 a bushel, by the load. The retail price is \$1.50. We learn another man at Royal Oak has about half an acre. Even at half the price they are now selling for, there is no crop that will do so well. The sweet potato seldom has the rot, and can be cooked in various agreeable and palatable ways and ought to be extensively cultivated.

SINGULAR AFFAIR.—Mr. William Russell, of Athens, while engaged in repairing a stone wall, a few days since, upon a farm formerly owned by John Rines, found a pocket-book containing a large amount of Bank Bills, but in no way a state to be illegible. The bills were about an inch in thickness, and on being exposed to the air, crumbled to pieces. How it came there is of course unknown. [Slovakian Clarion.]

A maiden lady named Louise P. Smith became insane the other day in Saratoga because of the death of a favorite kitten, and committed suicide leaving a written request that the kitten, whom she deified as an angel from above, should be buried by her side!

OLD AND NEW ENGLAND.—Out of every hundred persons in England, forty cannot write their names. In Massachusetts, according to the last census, but one person in every two hundred is in this condition; and nearly all these are recent emigrants from Europe.

All widows of revolutionary soldiers who were married previous to 1800 are hereafter to draw pensions.

The New York Globe, Van Buren organ, says "If Cass gets Weller's vote in Ohio, he will be elected."

The admiral will be placed upon the route between Boston and the Penobscot River in the course of a few weeks.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

At market 1275 Beef Cattle, 1000 Sheep, 10 pairs Working Oxen, 27 Cows and Calves, 6500 Hens, and about 4500 Swine.
Prices.—Beef Cattle.—Prices are lower than last week. We quoted first quality, \$5.75—second quality, \$5.50—third quality, \$5.25.
Working Oxen.—\$7 to \$3—5 to 10, \$16 to \$20.
Cows and Calves.—\$19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28.
Sheep and Lambs.—\$1.37, 1.50, 1.75, \$2 and \$2.25.
Swine.—New York Hogs at 4 1/2 cts.—Ohio at 3 1/2 to 4 cts.—Old Hogs 4 1/2.

MARRIAGES.

In W. Buckfield, by Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., Mr. Cyrus King to Miss Elizabeth Back, both of Paris.
In Stonington, Conn., 17th inst. by Rev. W. Blake, Mr. George P. Whitcomb, of Boston, to Miss Charlotte A. Berry, of Lowell.
In Sweden, Mr. John S. Whitcomb, of Waterford, to Miss Sarah Hamblin, of Sweden.

Caution.

THIS is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting my wife, Jeanette H. Shaw, on my account, she having left my bed and board without provocation or justifiable cause, as I shall pay no debts or contracts arising from this date.
EDWARD H. SHAW.
Buckfield, Sept. 27, 1848.

NEW STORE & NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

A. C. DENISON & C. P. TRUE
HAVING FORMED A CONNECTION IN BUSINESS UNDER THE FIRM OF
DENISON & TRUE,

AND having made large additions to their Store the past Summer, making it now the largest Store in the County, are now receiving from Portland, Boston, and New York

A Large and General Assortment of Goods,
adapted to the country trade, which, in consequence of their facilities for purchasing,

CAN AND WILL BE SOLD LOW;
and they would respectfully invite new and especially their old customers to call and examine their Stock of Goods, as we can and will sell at prices that shall satisfy. We intend to keep every article usually kept in a Variety Store, among which may be found

Blue, Black, Brown and Gold Mixed BROAD CLOTHS; Beaver and other thick Cloths for Overcoats; Fancy and Black Cassimeres and Dress Skirts; Steel Mixed, Grey, and Blue Satinets;

Yestings, of all qualities and styles.—Prints, Patterns, Dress and CLOAK GOODS, such as Colours, Laces, Lyonses, Alpacaes, Madama Stripes, M. de Laines, Gingham, &c. &c. Also

Brown and Bleached Sheetings, of all qualities; Tickings; Batings; Red, White, and Orange Flannels. Gloves; Laces; Edgings; and White Goods of all kinds.

Hats, Caps, Buffs, Boots, Shoes, Feathers.
A Great Variety of ROOM PAPERS and CARPETINGS. Also—A Splendid Assortment of

Crockery Ware and Looking Glasses; Hard Ware; W. I. Good sand Groceries, Corn, Flour, Nails, & ass, Iron, Steel, BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER, RUBBER OVERSHOES, all kinds.

WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPER. LAMP AND LINSEED OILS, PAINTS, GROUND LEAD, ETC.

WANTED.
10,000 Bushels of OATS; 2000 do. BEANS; 200 do. RYE;
20 Tons of APPLE; 10,000 Pounds of WOOL;
50 Tons of RAGS delivered at Paper Mill at Steep Falls, or at their Store;
20 Tons ROUND HOGS in two or three weeks.

For which CASH in part will be paid, if wanted.
DENISON & TRUE.
Norway Village, Oct. 21, 1848.

New Goods.

HUBBARD & STEVENS
ARE now receiving their NEW STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, all of which will be sold VERY LOW. Call and examine.
Oct. 23, 1848.

5000 YDS. BROWN SHEETINGS, from 4 to 8 cents per yard.
6000 YDS. PRINTS, from 3 to 12 cents per yard.
GOOD GINGHAMS, for 12 1/2 cents per yard.

Blue, Black, Dm. Plaided and Striped ALPACAES, from 25 to 37.
Also, Tibet, Cashmere, Delaines, Grandlins, Linseys, and other three Goods, for sale by
Paris Hill, Oct. 13.

American, English, French and German Broadcloths,
FROM \$1.50 to \$5.00 per yard, and a good assortment of Blue, Gold Mixed, Brown and Black Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Trowsers, Suits, &c. Also—Ready made Clothing, such as Over Coats, Sack Coats, Pants, Vests, &c. &c. Likewise—Hats, Caps, Muffs, Buffs, false Robes, &c. for sale by
Paris Hill, Oct. 23, 1848.

CHEAP GOODS.

Bought at Auction with Cash.

SMITH & ROBINSON,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A Large and Desirable Stock of Goods, to be sold

LOW FOR CASH.

SHAWLS, of all kinds, at reduced prices.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$10, for \$11.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$12, for \$13.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$14, for \$15.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$16, for \$17.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$18, for \$19.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$20, for \$21.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$22, for \$23.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$24, for \$25.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$26, for \$27.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$28, for \$29.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$30, for \$31.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$32, for \$33.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$34, for \$35.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$36, for \$37.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$38, for \$39.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$40, for \$41.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$42, for \$43.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$44, for \$45.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$46, for \$47.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$48, for \$49.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$50, for \$51.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$52, for \$53.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$54, for \$55.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$56, for \$57.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$58, for \$59.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$60, for \$61.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$62, for \$63.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$64, for \$65.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$66, for \$67.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$68, for \$69.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$70, for \$71.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$72, for \$73.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$74, for \$75.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$76, for \$77.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$78, for \$79.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$80, for \$81.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$82, for \$83.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$84, for \$85.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$86, for \$87.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$88, for \$89.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$90, for \$91.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$92, for \$93.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$94, for \$95.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$96, for \$97.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$98, for \$99.
All Wool Cashmere, 10-4, worth \$100, for \$101.

INDIANA CLOTHS, at 50 cents.
English, Cape and Plain Alpacaes, 4-4 to 4-6, 4-8, 4-10, 4-12, 4-14, 4-16, 4-18, 4-20, 4-22, 4-24, 4-26, 4-28, 4-30, 4-32, 4-34, 4-36, 4-38, 4-40, 4-42, 4-44, 4-46, 4-48, 4-50, 4-52, 4-54, 4-56, 4-58, 4-60, 4-62, 4-64, 4-66, 4-68, 4-70, 4-72, 4-74, 4-76, 4-78, 4-80, 4-82, 4-84, 4-86, 4-88, 4-90, 4-92, 4-94, 4-96, 4-98, 4-100, 4-102, 4-104, 4-106, 4-108, 4-110, 4-112, 4-114, 4-116, 4-118, 4-120, 4-122, 4-124, 4-126, 4-128, 4-130, 4-132, 4-134, 4-136, 4-138, 4-140, 4-142, 4-144, 4-146, 4-148, 4-150, 4-152, 4-154, 4-156, 4-158, 4-160, 4-162, 4-164, 4-166, 4-168, 4-170, 4-172, 4-174, 4-176, 4-178, 4-180, 4-182, 4-184, 4-186, 4-188, 4-190, 4-192, 4-194, 4-196, 4-198, 4-200, 4-202, 4-204, 4-206, 4-208, 4-210, 4-212, 4-214, 4-216, 4-218, 4-220, 4-222, 4-224, 4-226, 4-228, 4-230, 4-232, 4-234, 4-236, 4-238, 4-240, 4-242, 4-244, 4-246, 4-248, 4-250, 4-252, 4-254, 4-256, 4-258, 4-260, 4-262, 4-264, 4-266, 4-268, 4-270, 4-272, 4-274, 4-276, 4-278, 4-280, 4-282, 4-284, 4-286, 4-288, 4-290, 4-292, 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4-1882, 4-1884, 4-1886, 4-1888, 4-1890, 4-1892, 4-1894, 4-1896, 4-1898, 4-1900, 4-1902, 4-1904, 4-1906, 4-1908, 4-1910, 4-1912, 4-1914, 4-1916, 4-1918, 4-1920, 4-1922, 4-1924, 4-1926, 4-1928, 4-1930, 4-1932, 4-1934, 4-1936, 4-1938, 4-1940, 4-1942, 4-1944

POETRY.

A Song.

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.
Tell me not of your story eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid rumbling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.
A bloomy pair of vermilion cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wailing flowers.
These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
Could beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brims when your adventur' elips,
Full oft he perishes on them.
And what are cheeks, but envious oft,
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Go Greece or Ilion any good?
Eyes can be beautiful and true,
Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lover's hearts to dust consumed.
For crystal brows, there's naught within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Syren's hair would win,
Is mostly strangled in the tide.
Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with contemplation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find.
One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the ear-burthened honey-lily,
That hides his murmurs in the rose.
My earthly comforter! whose love
So infinitely might be
That, when my spirit wove above,
Hers could not stir for sympathy.

OLD MAIDS.—A Sonnet.

I am a lover of all womanhood,
And maidens old are not old maids to me,
The beauty fades, there still remains the mind!
And mind is surely better company!
What then the heart is now and trimm'd with gold?
Does the sweet music tremble in the tone,
That when the gaudy pebbles have grown old,
And naught is left but sweet accord alone?
Or is the gem held in less high esteem,
Because the casket is defaced by time?
A woman's mind a priceless gem I deem—
Her heart a harp that music yields sublime.
No wonder that years hide not from me
The jewel's glow—the harp's sweet melody.

ANECDOTES AND FUN.

HOW TO STEAL WATER MELONS.

Under this head, a Philadelphia paper tells a very mirth-provoking story, the pith of which we cannot help copying for the benefit of our readers.

It appears that one Jacob Stringer, a quiet, elderly sort of workman, who bore a good character for honesty, became possessed in some mysterious way with an intense desire to taste a watermelon from the patch of a neighbor named Bennett. For a long time his eye was on the patch, and his mouth continued to water more and more, till, after halting some days between conscience and desire, the melons became fairly ripe, and then the temptation was irresistible. He vowed he would have one—only one; and, though with many compunctions, set off one dark, dreary night to execute his design. Now he is known as "Old Bennett" was a wide-awake "old customer" not to be caught napping; he knew the value of his melon crop, and watched it as jealously as the fabled dragon of old watched the tree in the garden of Hesperides. No sooner had Jacob crossed the fence, than the old fellow "copped on his track," and, discovering to his surprise who it was, began cautiously to follow after him.

Now, Jacob was about the last man Bennett would have expected to come at night to rob his melon patch; and even now, as he cautiously moved on before him, he almost doubted. Nevertheless, he carefully followed him. The deprecator aimed at once for "the patch." There was no moon, but a few stars shed light enough to enable him to find his way into the midst. Hastily selecting a promising one, he struck once more for the fence, still followed by "old Bennett." Crossing it, he threw himself and his prey down in the midst of the bushes, muttering, as he did so—"Wal, old fellow, you have done it this time!"

The jack-knife was soon produced, and a slice heaved out; but no sooner was the first mouthful taken, than he spattered out exclaiming—"It's a cussed green punkin!" A moment after he went on—"You are a nice old fool, you are, Jacob, I should guess! an honest, clever old fellow, so the neighbors all say. You are a stupid hog, Jacob, you are! You are a rascally old fool, you are, Jacob! You would steal water-melons, would you? and you have stole a cussed green punkin! Well, old fellow, you would steal it—and now, cuss you, you shall cut it!"—Suiting the action to the word, he began to devour his prize with many expressions of disgust, and with a determination to keep the "old fool" to it. At last the task was accomplished, and he rose to depart, muttering, as he did so, to the infinite amusement of "old Bennett," who said nothing—"You infernal ass, it served you right! You are not fit for a rascal. Any man who has no more gumption than to steal a punkin instead of a watermelon, had better keep honest. He'll never make anything out of his rascality!"

A HAPPY MARINER. An Irish sailor, when he turned into his hammock at night, always delivered himself audibly of the following prayer: "I never murdered any man, and no man ever murdered me—so (God bless all mankind!"

The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of one's leisure.

STREET ACQUAINTANCES.

OR, THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

The shops were brilliantly illuminated—a variety of the most splendid goods graced every window, and solicited the purchase of the passengers, as a well-dressed and handsome man twined his cane and mustaches at the corner of the Regent's Circuit.

Whether he had an appointment to keep, whether mere indifference as to whether he should trace his steps, or the desire of showing the cut of his fashionable coat, caused him to linger on this spot, is not exactly known; but the approach of an elegant female, slowly arrayed, seemed to fix his purpose, and turning as she passed him, he followed to admire her just proportions, and pulling up his collar with a preliminary "a-chen!" thus addressed her:

"If you are not deeply engaged, sweet creature, with your own thoughts, may I presume to trespass on your time?"

The lady moved on one side of the pavement, but made no reply.

"I really do not wish to monopolize the pavement, my charmer, but—"

"If you would allow a lady to pass along the streets, sir, without interruption, I should think better of you by far, sir," replied the lady with an air of offended dignity.

"Then, my lovely one, that would destroy the object for which I sought your company."

"What can you mean, sir?"

"The exquisite pleasure of hearing the music of your voice."

"Indeed, sir, you are very impertinent, and if you do not proceed, and leave me, I—"

"Will take my arm, no doubt," interrupted the gallant, offering it for her acceptance.

"You mistake me, sir," said the lady. "I have never taken a stranger's arm in the public streets; my lady-mother would be perfectly horrified at the idea."

"She must be a very particular lady then, indeed."

"She is; besides, we were never introduced to each other."

"Allow me to introduce myself," urged the gallant, taking from his pocket a card, upon which was engraved in old English character, "The Hon. Fitzroy Winstanley, Belgrave square."

The lady took the card, and then exclaimed as she read it—"I assure you, Mr. Winstanley, it is the first time I was ever alone without our footman; but as I am in the company of a gentleman, I feel confident that he will protect me from further insult."

Our hero at this pulled up his collar again, and replied with the greatest sauciness:

"I am too proud to have the honor of attending so brautious a creature."

"Don't flatter, sir; it's getting common place," returned the lady.

"It is so, my charmer; but whom may I have the honor of addressing?"

"The Lady Cecilia Pinkerton, of Connaught Place, and my only fear is—"

"I will protect you with my life, lady," replied the Hon. Fitzroy.

"I trust your gallantry will not be called in question," said the lady, "but my brother, who is a captain of hussars, often walks this way, and I may meet him."

"Oh, you have a brother in the army? Indeed! Well, I wonder I do not know him."

"You, then are a soldier, sir?"

"I have the honor to be in her majesty's service."

"In what regiment?"

"The Royal Horse Guards Blue."

"And a very fine regiment it is, sir—officers as well as men."

Our hero bowed low in acknowledgment to the compliment, and declared that the lady's judgment was excellent in military affairs.

"You flatter my taste, sir."

"Indeed, I speak but truth; but the Lady Cecilia could have no other than an exalted taste."

"Our family have been remarkable for their good sense generally; but now I draw near Connaught Place, let me entreat you to leave me!"

"With a promise to meet again?"

"I really must not."

"Never," said the Hon. Fitzroy, "have I been in the society of so much worth and beauty. Let me entreat you to renew this meeting."

"But should my family become acquainted with this circumstance?"

"Can you figure no means to see me?"

"I am strictly guarded; my maid is almost always in attendance, and at other times I never go out but in the carriage."

"Do you ever permit me the gardens of Hyde Park?"

"But seldom."

"Can I convey a letter to you?"

"Not to the house, but, if you like, you may address one to me in the name of Thompson, and leave it at the confectioner's close by."

"I will not fail, my love."

"Now, let me entreat you to leave me, for should I be discovered I do not know what would be the consequence."

"Farewell, then, angel of my soul," replied the Hon. Fitzroy, and kissing the tip of his white kids, he walked away.

On the morning following our last scene, two individuals might be seen in humble habitation standing at the desk in the register's office for servants.

The clerk had taken down their names, the one as a valet, the other as parlor-maid in a respectable family.

"Five shillings for entry on our book," said the clerk when he had finished.

"I am sorry, but—"

"Spouse you haven't the money?" interrupted the clerk, professionally.

"Not so much by three-pence," replied the valet.

"Must cross over your name, then," said the clerk.

"It's no go, now, ma'am, live b'lieve you please."

"I'm extremely sorry, sir, but I'm eighteen-pence deficient."

"Then, why didn't you say so at first?" said the clerk, slamming the book, while the two out of places gazed in each other's faces. They were the lady Cecilia and the Hon. Fitzroy Winstanley of the Blues.

We don't know when we have heard a more marked instance of unfriendly cant than is recorded in a recent letter from a "down east" correspondent. A man who had lost his way on the road to Bath, spurred his nag up to a one-horse wagon on the road before him, containing a long-faced "religionist" hastening to a "revival" station in the neighborhood. Accosting him, almost out of breath, he asked—"Can—Can you tell me—am I on the direct road to Bath?" "No, my dear sir, that it is not in my power to inform you; but one thing I feel called upon to tell you, and that is, that 'Religion' never was designed to make our pleasures less!" The "fanciful inquirer" rode off with an inexpressible look, and a free use of his whip. That "exhorter" is doubtless instant in season and out of season, in his ministrations.—Knickerbocker.

AN EXQUISITE JOKE. The New York Star tells a good story of a dandy who was riding in an omnibus. He grew angry at the frequent stoppages, and threatened to go out, unless the driver went unintercepted along. "Get out and be— to you," was the only response. Thereupon, he rushed to the door, but all his efforts were not sufficient to open it. He then drew back to the front of the coach, and made a desperate plunge to force open the door. The driver, at the instant, loosed the strap, and our dandy in a rage, rushed upon the door, and was precipitated into a pile of New York mud, very considerably left by the street sweepers for his especial convenience. The Star man says he looked badly when he got upon the sidewalk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PRINTING PRESS.—A letter from New York says—"I have this day seen the plan of a printing machine, to be built for the Tribune establishment by Hoe & Co., which is to far surpass any thing ever yet witnessed. You are perhaps aware that by the new press of these manufacturers, with four feeders, the New York Sun is now enabled to print from 7,000, to 8,000 impressions per hour; but the new Tribune press is to have six feeders, and work from 12,000 to 15,000 per hour. Beside this, it is to fly its own sheet, thus saving the expense of six fly-boys and is to be large enough to work the Tribune double, and will cut the sheets of itself as they come off! What will next be attempted? Unless, forsooth, it be a machine into which you put bags of paper bags, which distribute themselves all over town by the help of self-acting news-boys, in the shape of ably edited journals!

Never find fault with girls, very young girls, in particular, if they are decided romps; but be thankful that they have the health and spirit for romping. Better be a romp, than have a narrow chest and a flushed cheek.

ASTONISHING CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE following certificate of a remarkable cure of consumption, by the use of the Hawaiian Balm, was furnished to Messrs. Goodnow & Co., respectable Druggists in Providence, R. I., by a well known and highly respected gentleman, who has been afflicted with this disease for many years, and has now recovered his health, and is able to pursue his usual avocations. We take great pleasure in publishing this cure, as it is a most extraordinary and never before recorded cure of this disease.

CELEBRATED CHOLERA MIXTURE.

AND HOW TO PREPARE IT.

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA.

And How to Prepare it.

Prepared and Sold by

Pike & Osgood,

79 & 81 Broadway Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR all the purposes for which this remedy is adapted, it is a most valuable and reliable medicine, and is sold by all the leading druggists and chemists in the United States.

For a full and complete description of the medicine, and for a list of the names of the druggists and chemists to whom it is sold, see the circular which is sent with every bottle of the medicine.

For sale by

W. L. GOODNOW,

South Paris, June 1, 1848.

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W. L. GOODNOW,

WM. M. CUSHMAN,

MAIN STREET, NORWAY VILLAGE.

DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Is receiving from the city from time to time

New Goods,

of superior quality, which he will sell as CHEAP as can be bought in Portland or Boston, as he buys all his goods

EXCEEDINGLY LOW,

and SELLS THEM, with a very little advance,

AT COST.

He has just received an assortment of Gold and Silver Jewelry, Lenses, and common

WATCHES;

BRASS AND WOODEN CLOCKS; SPECTACLES, KNIVES, SCISSORS, BEADS, COMBS,

And a great variety of other goods, too numerous to

CALL AND EXAMINE, as you cannot fail to find something to suit your taste.

REPAIRING.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry cleaned and repaired, and warranted.

May 27, 1848.

W. M. CUSHMAN,

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SMITH'S PATENT

Trojan Pioneer Stove,

MANUFACTURED BY

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.,

15 2 doors North of the Post Office, Augusta.

ALTHOUGH completely adapted for burning Wood, yet with Coal, for all Cooking and Heating purposes, it far surpasses any other Cooking Apparatus that can be produced. It is surprising to see the large amount of cooking, of the various kinds, that is done in the most perfect manner, with the small amount of fuel that it requires.

The oven to this Stove is extremely large, being of sufficient capacity to admit six large sized pie plates, or six large loaves of bread, or even the largest pudding or corn cake in use, at the same time. In addition to the advantages it has over other Cook Stoves, for boiling, baking, washing, frying, heating iron, &c., it is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have the

Best Arrangement for Broiling & Roasting that has ever been in use; the steam, from cooking, being carried off effectually.

The parts of this Stove can in one moment's time, be so disconnected as to make Two Perfect Stoves;—which is of great value in the warm season of the year. In cold weather, these may be connected.

When it is necessary for a fire in the front part of the Stove, it will operate the whole, and perform more kinds of cooking, with less fuel, than can be done in any other manner. Another improvement in this Stove, is the arrangement of the fire, by which the heat is so completely graduated that the fire can be kept over night, so as to make of it a complete

Air-Tight Stove.

This Stove certainly has many advantages that other Stoves ever yet had. The Ovens are about the only ones in use which will bake well with hard coal, and the Stoves used are so constructed that the Ovens will not take even with a coal fire. There is another great advantage in the construction of this Stove, in first applying the heat to the bottom of the oven, which causes the bread to rise, and at the same time, thoroughly cooks the bottom; whereas, in Stoves which first carry the fire to the top of the oven, before it reaches the bottom, the bread will crust on the top, before it is sufficiently done through, which prevents the loaf from rising, and causes it to be heavy—the top being crusted hard, and the bottom sufficiently baked.

All those in want of a first rate Cooking Stove, are particularly invited to call and examine this Stove before purchasing elsewhere, and time and money will surely be saved, as they will decide soon to purchase; the price will be found to be very reasonable. There are a number of cases, suitable for the smallest family up to those for a public house. They are not at all complicated in their construction, but easily regulated.

For a more particular and full description of the above Stove see large Bills at the Hotels and Stores in this and adjacent towns. Hundreds of names in recommendation of the above Stove could be adduced, if necessary.

For sale at the old stand of the subscriber, opposite Smith's Hotel, Norway Village, where also may be found Stoves of various patterns, which will be offered for sale for Cash, or on CASH.

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Oct. 12, 1847.

State of Maine.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

THE apportionment of companies to the several divisions of the Militia of Maine, according to the provisions of the law now in force, gives to the

1st Division 20 companies.

2d do 20 do

3d do 20 do

4th do 20 do

5th do 20 do

6th do 20 do

7th do 20 do

8th do 20 do

9th do 20 do

10th do 20 do

11th do 20 do

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18th do 20 do

19th do 20 do

20th do 20 do

21st do 20 do

22nd do 20 do

23rd do 20 do

24th do 20 do

25th do 20 do

26th do 20 do

CONSUMPTION CURED!



BUCHANAN'S

Hungarian Balm

OF LIFE.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA,

AND CONSUMPTION!

BUCHANAN'S HUNGARIAN BALM, the Great English Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption, is a most valuable and reliable medicine, and is sold by all the leading druggists and chemists in the United States.

For a full and complete description of the medicine, and for a list of the names of the druggists and chemists to whom it is sold, see the circular which is sent with every bottle of the medicine.

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